

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone



- **Don't Teach Them to Lie—***Florence Wightman Rowland*
- **Middleman Profit—***Grace Howard*

SEPTEMBER, 1956 • 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

Don't Teach Them to Lie	Florence Wightman Rowland	2
Mama Came to Live with Us	Elizabeth B. Cason	4
Ourselves as Others See Us	reprint from <i>Scholastic Magazine</i>	5
Middleman Profit	Grace Howard	10
You Don't Have to Look at TV	Julie Holmes	12
Parents Are Teachers (Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups)	Mary C. Odell	22

STORIES

Weather Vane Sermon	Marion Ullmark	7
Story for Children		
Growing Up	Beryl Powers	18

FEATURES

The World at Your Front Door		1
School Scoops	Loie Brandom	14
Splash Party	Eric Wahleen	16
Worship in the Family with Children		19
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	25
Family Counselor	Donald M. Maynard	29
The World on a Grocery Shelf	Grace W. McGavran	30
Books for the Hearthside		31
Over the Back Fence		32

Cover: Photo by erb

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

The American Baptist Publication Society

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1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 8

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No. 9

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house. All prices are subject to change without notice.

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Price 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Are You Polite?

Most people think that they practice the common social amenities. They speak pleasantly to people with whom they come in contact every day. They don't rudely push and shove in a crowd. They say, "Please," "Excuse me," "I beg your pardon," and other such decorous terms when the occasion arises.

Well, most of us *do* practice common courtesy—to those outside of our immediate families. But often we are guilty of being impolite and rude to the ones we love best. Do you order your wife (or husband) to "Get me a glass of water"? Or do you unwittingly blurt out, "You look terrible in that dress (or suit)"? Or "What do you intend to do with that spare tire around your middle?" You wouldn't dream of saying such things to your boss's wife or to a business associate.

Politeness, like all other virtues, begins in the home. Treat your family as courteously as you treat outsiders.

What's Here?—We certainly don't want our children to develop the habit of being untruthful, but many of us adults teach them to be that way through our own "little white lies." Florence Wightman Rowland deals with this problem in an excellent article, "Don't Teach Them to Lie."

We have a different, interesting article for the teen-agers this month called "Ourselves as Others See Us." A panel of foreign students attending high school in the United States air their views on the American way of life. Adults will enjoy this fine article, too.

Are you looking for a business without any monetary profit? (You probably think I have a few loose screws in my cranium.) Grace Howard and her husband, who have a son on the mission field, have a thriving business in which the only profit is the satisfaction of being able to help less fortunate people. If your curiosity is getting the better of you, read "Middleman Profit."

"Parents Are Teachers," by Mary C. Odell, is our study article for this month. Read it to see whether you are backsliding in your obligation to teach religion to your children.

Our story is "Weather Vane Sermon," by Marion Ullmark. An old weather vane helped this author and her family to become better Christians.

What's Coming?—Our study article will be "Temperance Teaching in the Home," by Caryl D. Slifer. Others to look for are "Cure for Nerves," "Children Like to Go to Church," and "A Home of Quiet Peace."

'Til next month,

S. W.

THE WORLD

● Judge Advises Ministers

New Castle, Pa.—Clergymen here were admonished by a retired jurist to “be a little more specific” in counseling church members involved in marital or other difficulties.

Judge Walter Braham, former presiding justice of Lawrence County courts, told members of the New Castle Ministerial Association that fewer divorce cases would come before the courts if clergymen were “just a bit more specific” in their advice to families.

The jurist, who heard hundreds of divorce suits and cases involving marital problems in his twenty years on the bench, said the basic problem in many of these cases could have been “ironed out” before reaching the court if it had been “tactfully handled in the minister’s study.”

“If possible,” he advised, “do some additional studying. Take a course in psychology to enable you to do a better job.”

● Christian Duty in Age of Abundance

Pittsburgh, Pa.—American Christians have an impelling duty in this present age of abundance to see that people everywhere share in the fruits of plenty.

This was the conclusion reached by the Third National Study Conference on the Church and Economic Life here. Theme of the four-day meeting was “The Christian Conscience and an Economy of Abundance.”

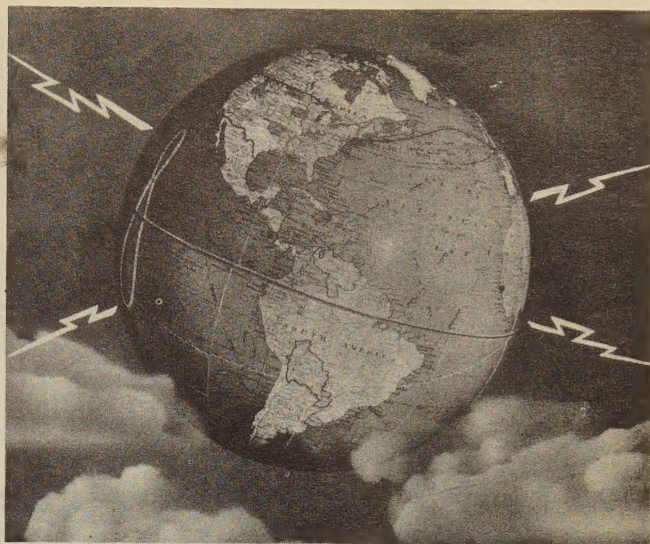
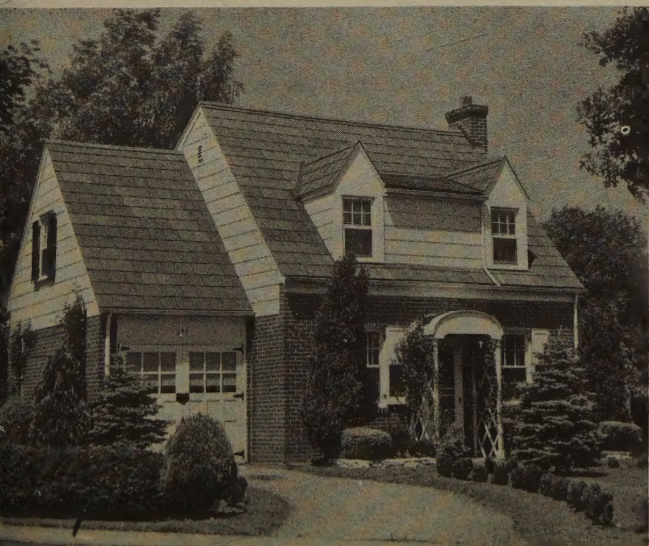
A final message, endorsed by more than 400 leaders in labor, agriculture, education, the professions, and the churches, warned that “to the shallow expression ‘we’ve never had it so good,’ the Christian must reply ‘we never had such heavy demands upon the Christian conscience.’”

Specifically, the conferees called for the following provisions:

Access of all persons to the basic necessities of life.

Sharing of knowledge without class distinction, and creation of conditions to help individuals help themselves.

—H. Armstrong Roberts



—H. Armstrong Roberts

Breaking down of all barriers of racial discrimination and economic injustice.

Elimination of slums and the redevelopment of blighted areas.

Aid to the needy abroad.

Leadership in efforts to expand school facilities and provide adequate pay for teachers.

Christians to “wage peace and do all in their power to prevent war.”

Spending of income on goods and services that promote human welfare rather than on those that are “useless or harmful.”

Resistance to “uncritical” conformity to “things as they are” and application to church organizations of the high ethical principles urged on business, labor, and industry.

The findings of this conference are available for study by church groups through a \$100,000 grant from the Phillip Murray Foundation. They can be secured by writing to the Department of Life and Work of the National Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

● Divorces Decrease in West Germany

Bonn, Germany—Church sources in West Germany have expressed satisfaction over statistics released by the Registrar General here disclosing a marked decrease in the Federal Republic’s divorce rate.

The figures revealed that in 1954 a total of 44,438 divorces was granted, as compared to 49,000 in 1946 and more than 88,000 in 1948.

Church analysts said that the statistics show that divorces were most frequent in marriages between partners of different faiths or where one of the partners did not belong to any Christian group. The divorce rate in urban areas was almost four times higher than in rural districts.

AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

don't teach them

to LIE

by Florence Wightman Rowland

ALL of us want our children to be truthful, but many of us teach our youngsters to lie.

While Johnny is eating breakfast, the telephone rings. He hears his mother answer it. It is Mrs. Simpson, whom his mother and father do not like. Mrs. Simpson is not their type; does not have the same interests; is a bore. What does Johnny's mother say to get out of the social engagement she does not relish? She tells Mrs. Simpson that she awoke with a dreadful headache; that she intends to go right to bed as soon as the children go to school. As an afterthought, probably to ease her conscience, she adds, "Maybe next time."

Seven-year-old Johnny scowls at his mother trying to put two and two together and come up with four. Johnny heard his mother just a short time ago tell his father that she felt great—simply great. In fact, just as soon as the children were gone, she was going into the yard and work in the garden all day.

To immature minds these conflicting data are a puzzle. Children often do not know the reasons behind these "social fibs." They are taught, however, that it is perfectly all right to distort the truth.

After school Johnny returns home and grabs his baseball bat as the doorbell rings.

"Answer that, will you, dear?" his mother calls from the kitchen. "I'm busy."

Johnny finds out that the man is selling greeting cards, fifty cents a box. He relays the message to his mother.

"Tell the man I haven't any change today," she calls. "I'm sorry."

A minute later Johnny asks for a dime for an ice cream bar.

"Look in my purse," his mother directs.

Johnny looks and finds that her purse holds three fifty cent pieces, four dimes, and several pennies, more than enough to have bought the item the man was selling.

What his mother failed to explain to Johnny was that she did not want any greeting cards. Instead she said the first thing that came into her head to get rid of the salesman. Her seeming lack of integrity was impressed upon her son.

Even more serious than this thoughtlessness is the deliberate falsifying some parents resort to to accomplish their ends. Mary's mother wrote a note to the teacher asking that Mary be excused to go to the dentist's office at one o'clock. Instead, her mother drove them into the country to visit friends.

"It was such a perfect day," she

explained. "It just had to go for a drive."

What was Mary supposed to learn from this?

After several varied situations involving the twisting of the truth by those around him, the child often will try some of his own. To his surprise his parents scold him, send him to bed, or take away some privilege just because he did what he had heard them do. Is it a wonder that the child feels resentment? He learns that his parents are not willing to allow him the same standards of conduct which they pursue.

Sometimes a youngster's imagination gets out of hand. Few children exist who have not at one time or other come home to say, "I saw a lion in the street on my way home from school," or a similar tall tale.

Parental reaction to this is that the child is lying. He isn't. To him it is a game. It is smart to go along with him. "That was a lovely, exciting story," you should say. . . "Now tell Mother what really happened."

In nine cases out of ten a child will confess that he made it all up. The tenth youngster may be over-imaginative. Treat him gently, however; he may grow up to be a writer some day, whose chief asset is this wonderful ability to stretch his imagination to create an interesting story.

If you are not acquainted with this trait in children, read Dr. Seuss's delightful book for boys and girls, *It Happened on Mulberry Street*.

Help your child to form the habit of telling the truth. When he does tell true happenings, never punish him, no matter what is involved. If he says he broke the mirror, don't punish him. If you do, he will associate the punishment with telling the truth. From then on, he may try to lie his way out of a difficult situation.

In a hasty moment, when you are too tired to meet a situation yourself, you threaten, "I'll tell your father when he comes home."

Your child knows too well that by the time his father arrives, you will have forgotten all about it. He is not punished, and your truthfulness, at least in the eyes of the impressionable youngster, is slightly frayed at the edges. He goes right on misbehaving. You go right on promising stern parental action that never materializes.

How many times have you raced home from an afternoon engagement in a rush to get supper on the table at the last minute? When your husband asks, "Have a nice day, dear?" you reply guiltily, not wanting him to know that you have been gone three afternoons in a row, "The usual. I did some mending and changed the papers in the cupboards."

What a lesson for the listening youngster!

Encourage truthfulness by explaining to your children that people lose faith in those whose word is not so good as their bond. Explain that unjustly or not, people think those who lie have other bad habits as well and refuse to seek them out as friends or business associates.

Truthfulness can and should be taught in the home. Give your child daily examples of conduct of which you can be proud. Watch yourself at all times, and you will not be so likely to teach your children to lie.


None of us want our children to be untruthful, but perhaps, unwittingly, we teach them to be this way.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Simpson, but I can't go shopping with you today. Have a perfectly dreadful headache. Maybe some other time. Good-by." Johnny is puzzled, for only a short while ago he heard his mother tell his father she felt fine.



Photo by erb

by Elizabeth B. Cason



mama came to live with us

A mother-in-law joining the family circle need not disrupt the family routine. Read how one woman successfully made her mother-in-law feel that she 'belongs.'

OUR IQ rating on mama sitting is pretty high since we learned that instead of Mama "living with us, depending on us," we are all living together, depending on each other. But we did a lot of blundering before we learned.

When we heard that my husband's mother was coming to live with us, well, you know how it is. Our first reaction was that we were glad that we could give her a home; she had done a lot for us. Then the next reaction I suppose was only natural because it was selfish. We thought of the changes we would have to make in our home life. She was not to arrive for a few weeks, but we began to make our plans and get ourselves adjusted to the changes. One thing was certain—we all agreed on that: Mama was to be made comfortable; she would never have another care

or responsibility; she was just to rest and enjoy herself. That was five years ago.

We read all the magazine articles about the problem. By the time she arrived, our mama-sitting IQ was high; we knew all the answers. We made a lot of changes in the house. We even went to the expense of remodeling so that Mama would have her own apartment where "she could be by herself." I never will forget the look on her face when she saw the bedroom.

The bed was covered with a gay print, and there was a pile of pillows at the head. It didn't look like a bed at all; it was more like a chaise longue. Across the room was a love seat, two big chairs, lamp tables, lamps, and a radio. The room was really beautiful—to

us. Mama looked it over carefully. Then she said:

"It is a mighty pretty room, but I won't be in my room enough to use all those things; and maybe my old bed better be sent on."

I responded brightly: "Of course, Mama, anything you want, but we thought it would be nice if your room looked like a sitting room during the day, so you would feel as though you had two rooms, instead of just a bedroom."

"Oh, I see. I do not usually spend my day in one room, but I suppose I can, if that is what you wish!"

"Now, Mama, we want you to do just whatever you want, and you are welcome anywhere in the house; but we thought that maybe the young folks would annoy you running through the house and be-

(Continued on page 26)

What do foreign students studying in the United States think of the American way of life? In this article you will find out what five foreign students think.

OURSELVES

as others see us

Five delegates to the New York Herald-Tribune Forum for High Schools give us their views of the United States.

About the Question

"The World We Want"—This was the theme of the eighth annual New York Herald-Tribune Forum for High Schools, held at the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York on March 27. Thirty-two delegates from thirty-two different countries shared their views with the high school students of America. Outstanding among the several panels was the discussion of "Ourselves as Others See Us." Five delegates gave us their reactions to living in American homes and studying in American schools.

The panelists were Philippe de Vargas, Switzerland; Kimiko Fujii, Japan; Raja A. Ajlouni, Jordan; Mattanee Mojdara (whose nickname is Tina), Thailand; and Gunnar Aasland, Norway. Mrs. Helen Hiatt Waller, forum director, served as moderator.

Mrs. Waller: One of the most precious of all the by-products of the Forum each year is the opportunity it gives us to see ourselves as others see us. So I've asked five of the Forum delegates to tell you some of what's been going on in their minds in the three months that they've been in your schools. Philippe de Vargas will speak first.

Philippe: The greatest difference I think almost all of us have noticed in your schools is this: Our high schools prepare us for college; your high schools prepare you for the life of an American citizen.

Raja: Actually, I think, at least in Jordan, our high schools give us a more solid background of knowledge and culture. This makes it possible for a selected few to develop their individual gifts and talents. What happens is that our schools train a small group of leaders. American schools prepare all of their

students to be followers. I mean that those who have the potential of leadership are often neglected.

Our education is more thorough. In high school we have to learn Arabic, Greek and Arab philosophy, English, the whole history of civilization—starting four thousand years back and up to modern times—all the religions of the world, mathematics, physics, and chemistry. We don't have any time at all for study in school. That means at least four hours of homework every day.

Gunnar: In my high school in Norway I have fifteen different subjects, including five languages.

Tse-Hsien Liu, a Chinese student in the United States, is enjoying the fellowship of a group of young people.

Hays from Monkmeier



Reprinted from "Senior Scholastic," April 14, 1954, by permission of the editors.

Philippe: In Switzerland I have thirteen subjects at once, even more homework than Raja. My school day is from 8 to 5, and I also go to school on Saturdays. But Raja, when you spoke about educating the elite in the Middle East, I instinctively thought of the others. In Switzerland, and I believe this is also true all over Europe, we have two different kinds of schools, side by side. Students choose when they are ten years old between the one that prepares for the professions and the other which is for the nonprofessional categories. The level of the latter corresponds to high schools here.

Gunnar: I think it is wrong to have only one kind of school—like you do here—that all have to go to. It won't be possible for the school to meet the needs of the best students at the same time as the others.

Raja: Maybe the standards in American schools would be higher if teachers were paid more, and had a higher position in the community. In my country, Jordan, the three most important people in the town are the mayor, the sheik (the priest), and the teachers. Students in my country treat teachers with more formality than American students do.

Tina: In Thailand I would never even raise my voice in talking to my teacher, even when I disagree with her. It would be considered bad manners. Girls in my country do not speak or laugh loudly. We are taught to speak softly and slowly. The voice is one thing by which we judge the personality.

Co-education Debated

Raja: Perhaps one of the reasons for lack of discipline in American schools is co-education. Your natural instinct leads you to look away from a book and toward a beautiful girl.

Gunnar: But maybe when you see what is back of the face, you will appreciate the beauty of the book.

Kimiko: In Japan we have had co-education only since the war. That makes many problems for us. Parents say that girls behave like boys. I don't agree. I think it is only when girls are together with boys that they are really ladylike.

Philippe: School is a preparation for life. In life there are no separate compartments for men and women. Why not learn how to understand one another in school already?

Raja: This is a very delicate point. The real essence of romance is uncertainty. When you understand a girl too well, by seeing her in school every day, your interest in her will definitely decrease. A woman's mystery is her strongest attraction.

Gunnar: But co-education is not the essential difference that can be found between American high schools and high schools in most other countries. The essential difference is in purpose and methods. Americans use schools not only to impart knowledge, but to develop a student's personality. I think that is the reason for so many clubs, practical subjects in school, and extracurricular activities.

Raja: Yes, but isn't it a little exaggerated to use so much of the day for other things that should be spent in learning? For example, in one school I visited they spent two hours selling tickets to a basketball game.

School Takes Role of Family

Philippe: Sometimes it has seemed to me that the school has taken over the role of the family. In Europe school is a place to learn—period. Home economics, bookkeeping, hygiene, car driving, type-writing, sex education—these are matters that in Europe are taught at home . . . or at least, they should be. In America the school seems to be the center of every part of the student's life. What happens to the American family?

Gunnar: I also wonder what television is doing to the American family at home. I think television is a wonderful invention. It is good for educational purposes. But . . . I think television can keep parents and children from talking and getting into real contact with each other. In Norwegian families it is not unusual for the parents and children to sit and talk for hours together.

Another question: Does television make people passive? When you sit and watch television, you are just watching what other people have prepared for you, and you do not create anything yourself.

Philippe: I think it is very important for children to have creative, constructive things to do. They have to be active, not just watching action. Society has to provide means for children to let off steam constructively. Otherwise, it may be faced with a problem of juvenile delinquency.

Raja: Maybe sometimes our students are a little too active. In the Arab countries there are many times student riots and demonstrations of dissatisfaction. I think the point is that there is juvenile delinquency all over the world. The Americans are dealing with the problem in a more constructive way.

Tina: I want to say one more thing. School is a place where students should get something. In America it has often seemed to me that they are so eager to give their impressions, to argue with the teacher on every point she brings up. In Thailand we try more to listen to others. We are taught to think everything we speak, but not to speak everything we think.

Kimiko: But, Tina, the purpose of progressive education in America is to take out of the student what the student has, not just to put in as much as the student can absorb.

East and West Orientations

Tina: Maybe in Asia we listen too much. Our orientation is toward the past. Yours is toward the future. Here is just one example. You give thanks before you eat a meal. We give thanks afterwards. I think we should not live either in the past or in the

(Continued on page 27)



Weather Vane SERMON



by Marion Ullmark

WELL GRANDMA, I guess we're all ready for the mover's van when it comes tomorrow," I said, sitting down on the porch steps to rest a second.

My husband's grandmother was moving from a rambling, ten-room farmhouse to a compact four-room cottage right next door to us, in town. Naturally, it had taken a lot of sorting before Grandma had finally chosen what to take with her and what to leave behind.

illustrated by macdonald

"Not quite," Grandma's rocker kept up its gentle swaying. "I want Bill to take down the old weather vane tonight so I can have it on the garage roof in town."

"Grandma! You're fooling! Not that old weather vane!" I began to laugh, and then at the look on Grandma's face I stopped.

"I'm not fooling, dear." Grandma looked up at the gilded rooster turning as the fitful summer wind dictated. "I wouldn't rightly know how to live without him preaching his sermon for me every day."

"What sermon does that old rooster preach? Tell me, Grandma." I leaned back against the porch pillar and waited for Grandma to explain.

"He's been preaching the same sermon for a good many hundred years now. It's a sad story he tells, a story that begins back in the days when our Master walked the earth among men." The rocker kept up its swaying, and Grandma's sweet voice went on. "Our Lord had gone to the Mount of Olives and had taken his disciples with him. He was sad that night, for he knew that his earthly days were numbered and that each of the twelve he loved would desert him. He told them what they would do, and of course they didn't believe it. Desert him? No, never!

"Peter spoke out, 'Even if they all desert you, I will not!' Jesus, though, shook his head and told Peter that he would deny him three times that very night before the cock crowed twice.

"LATER, AFTER the soldiers had taken Jesus away to the high priest's house, Peter, bewildered and afraid, sat in the courtyard warming himself at a fire. Then's when it happened," Grandma stopped rocking and sat still.

"A little maid servant asked him if he was one of the followers of the Man from Galilee, and Peter denied it. When she, disbelieving, repeated her question, he denied it again. Then a bystander asked him if he knew this Man whom the priests were questioning, and for the third time Peter denied his Lord.

"He had hardly finished speaking when through the dark and windy courtyard echoed the voice of a cock crowing two times."

I looked up at the golden cock shining in the sun high on the old barn roof, and for a moment I could hear that ghostly, lonesome sound echoing down through the years. I could see the curious crowd milling aimlessly in the manner of crowds, see the impudent little maid and the flickering fire with Peter huddled beside it.

"He remembered then," Grandma's voice took up the story, "remembered what his Lord had said, and he wept bitterly."

"What a sad story," I said softly, and I thought of all the many men down through the years who had denied their God and then wept.



SUSIE

"That's why weather vanes were made with cocks atop them." Grandma began to rock again. "They're to remind us of how in an adverse wind Peter turned his back on his Master. They point out how easy it is to get blown off the right course. Peter turned around again and got back on his



LEANNE

course and did a mighty work for the church; but some folks never do get back on the right way once they turn their backs on it."

"I don't think you need anything to keep you on course, Grandma," I said, "but Bill will be glad to move the weather vane for you."

FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS the weather vane kept his perch on Grandma's garage roof, and then one day she didn't need him anymore; so Bill moved him again. This time to our garage roof. He has become a part of the family

now, and I couldn't imagine starting a day without a quick peek out at my old friend.

He had only been installed on our roof a few days when an acquaintance of mine called me one morning. She was fairly bubbling with excitement and news. It was all about a teen-age group, a party, wild driving etc., etc.

I knew all the young people involved; their parents, too, and had my hand on the phone to spread the news to another friend when I caught a glimpse of the weather vane flashing brightly in the sun.

Slowly, I put the receiver back. Those folks were friends of mine. Why should I increase their troubles by spreading the knowledge of them all over the town? They needed friends now, not gossip spreaders. How glad I was a few days later when I learned the real facts and found them a pale and innocent version of the eagerly told gossip. The weather vane's story of the man who had turned his back on his Friend had kept me from a similar cruelty.

A few weeks ago my son Bud came in from his college classes looking troubled. "Mother," he began sitting down at the kitchen table where a glass of milk and cookies waited for him, "I want to talk to you."

"All right, dear," I told him and seated myself across the table, ready to listen.

"Well, it's sort of hard to explain," Bud took a gulp of milk. "Everyone doesn't feel about liquor as we do, you know."

"I know," I agreed.

Bud was fumbling for words and finally blurted out, "It's the fellows at the fraternity house. When I drop in there, they offer me a bottle of beer, and they seem to think it's pretty funny when I take coffee or milk instead."

"All of them?" I asked.

"Not all, but most of them." Bud ate a cookie slowly and then asked, "Do you think it would matter if I took a bottle now and then? It's sort of embarrassing not to."

I took a deep breath. This was important, I knew. Maybe it was

time for Grandma's story of the weather vane. So I told Bud the story of Peter, the man who protested, denied, and wept. At the end I asked, "Don't you think that's a petty little wind, the teasing and laughing, to blow you off your course?"

For a long minute Bud didn't answer. He just sat and stared out the window at the weather vane. Then he reached over with a big hand and ruffled my hair and laughed at my indignant face.

"You're right, Mother," he said sobering. "I'll stay on the course we charted. I might not be so lucky as Peter, you know. I might not get back again."

My ten-year-old Susie heard the story of the cock, too, a little while ago. There was a new addition to the fifth-grade room, a little Negro girl named Leanne.

One afternoon Susie threw herself into my arms, crying bitterly, "Oh, Mother, my heart's broken. Carol won't talk to me anymore, because I walk with Leanne. I was only trying to make her feel welcome. I shouldn't treat her different just because she's colored, should I?"

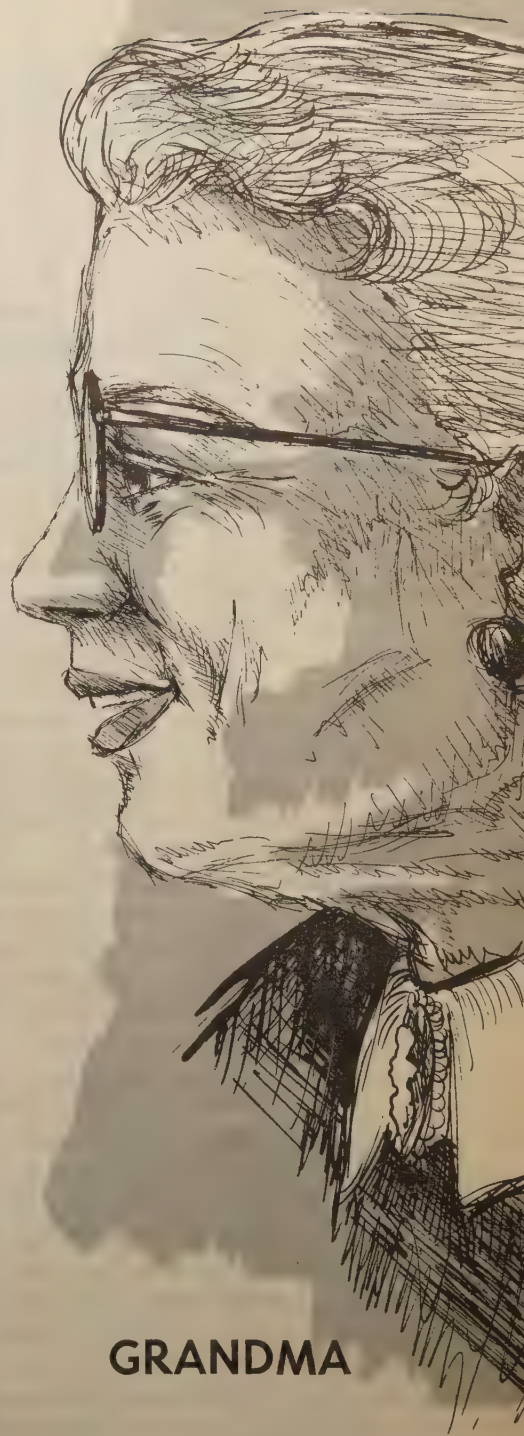
"Of course not, dear," I assured her.

"But I can't bear to lose my best friend," Susie blurted. "Could I maybe pretend not to see Leanne?"

So after Susie had washed her face and dried her eyes, I told her the story of the weather vane. She decided she didn't want to be like Peter, and at the cost of many secret tears she continued to be friendly with Leanne.

The P.T.A., the room mothers, and the teachers went into action on the problem of the dark, little stranger, and it wasn't long before the fifth grade accepted Leanne as just another fifth grader. Long after she and Carol were best friends again, Susie told me, "I'm so glad we have the weather vane, Mother. I'll always remember his story."

YES, THE WEATHER VANE has played an important part in all our lives. Turning in the wind, he is a constant reminder of Peter turn-



GRANDMA

ing his back on his Master, on what he knew to be right. All of us should keep the memory of Peter, his denial, and his sorrow fresh in our hearts. For if Peter, the valiant and strong, could turn from the right in such a little wind, how easily all of us could do the same. The weather vane's sermon is one we should always remember. Its truth we need to apply in our own daily living; the weather vane turns with the wind, but we must stand firm and face the wind.

MIDDLEMAN

"Business is flourishing," chuckled my partner, reaching for the letters that the postman had just stuffed in the door slot.

As a sideline my retired husband and I conduct a profitable middleman business. Anyone interested in our kind of profit with the minimum capital of loving and caring can set up similar shop.

Our customers consist of certain foreign missionaries serving today where we ourselves served only yesterday. Purchasing agents of the various mission boards take care of their larger needs. Little middlemen like us take care of little things purchasing agents don't care to bother with, little things mentioned only to those whose caring hearts can be counted upon to understand the need.

Selecting one of the letters, my partner motioned me to sit down on the arm of his chair as he settled himself in its soft depths. "From Tertius," he murmured, eagerly tearing open the missive.

Customer Tertius is our medical missionary son in a heavily communist-infested district in India. Having watched him pack and ship personal and professional supplies, we wondered if he would lack another single item for seven years to come.

On arrival at their new home, Tertius and Tissie his wife, wrote back on one of those fast-flying air-letter forms, "Lovely green grass carpets the compounds, and many kinds of annuals bloom profusely everywhere."

Knowing that gardening is one of our many hobbies, they concluded their letter with an irresistible appeal, "We, too, must make a garden. Please send us pamphlets and an assortment of good seeds."

The next letter sketched an idea of their bungalow, "something like a cathedral, high ceilings, huge rooms, but no shelves or closets or furniture!" We had gone to that kind of bungalow ourselves. We could understand their bewilderment.

Smiling in remembrance, we continued to read, "Ready-made furniture is out of the question, and carpenters' wages are sky-high. Your son will have to wield hammer and saw along with lancets and needles. Today for seven dollars we bought a teakwood log which will do for beds, but please send us a manual of designs and directions for making."

Straightway, we collected and mailed carpentry books, *Popular Mechanics*, and various articles on finishing techniques.

Tissie wrote a glowing account of their first Christ-

mas, "with nary a nostalgic tear though pretty close to it . . . poinsettias as high as the house, a six-inch stack of home mail, cards and all . . . but what will I do for cards next year with dime stores half a world away! If you could send me all your used cards, I'll try to manufacture my own. And please, while you're at it, send Tertius a pair of leather-palmed gloves for rough work."

When they went out, they took a few pieces of electrical equipment, expecting to find their house wired for current. Tertius wrote thus of disappointment: "This situation is like a return to Napur, the home of my childhood. We have to use kerosene lamps and lanterns. Next year, maybe (they say) we may hope for current. But since it will be 220-V, please try to locate us a step-up transformer for use with our American equipment."

What a poser! In this Midwest town a deep freezer is easier to buy than an archaic transformer, and besides we didn't know what to ask for exactly.

Long ago Ethel, a fellow missionary in India, told us something which helped now. She said that when she was ten years old, she wanted nothing on earth so much as a parlor organ on which to learn hymns. Hopelessly frustrated, she threw herself on the floor one day declaring between sobs that she would never get up until she got an organ. Her distracted mother knew only one solution. "Ethel," she said, "that's silly. You know I can't buy you an organ! But I'm sure your heavenly Father knows where some are lying around; and if you'll go to your room and pray instead of shrieking and kicking, maybe he'll send you one."

Ethel's heavenly Father did just that the very next day through a neighbor who knocked on the front door. "I'm cleaning house," she said. "and decided to get rid of my old organ. If Ethel wants it, she can have it."

In our case, therefore, instead of flailing about, we promptly asked our heavenly Father to show us where to find a transformer. He graciously granted our request, too, through a man who knocked on our front door not long afterwards. "I heard you wanted a transformer," he began. "We don't use this kind anymore, and you're welcome to it," he said, placing the miraculous answer in our grateful hands.

Twenty-two pounds' weight is the limit on a parcel-post package to India. That transformer weighed twenty-one and a half plus. When we packed it the first time, it seemed to be overweight, but finally with prayer to accompany every stuffing of steel

PROFIT

wool between its lumps and bumps and very stitch to secure its stout canvas covering, we placed it for the third time on the scales. Yes, it would do, we breathed in relief.

Against the air-mail service of about seven days it takes between three and four months for parcels to travel by sea. Eventually, however, we received an acknowledgment: "The transformer arrived today via a puffing postman vowing it to be overweight. It is exactly what we need, but *where* did you find it? The New York agent wrote us these things had been off the market for a year." Oh, but our heavenly Father knew about one!

We shouted gleefully the day Tissie asked for a subscription to *Glamour* magazine. "What!" you exclaim, "Missionaries that vain and frivolous!" Most of them aren't vain and frivolous enough. They haven't time or encouragement to be. Careless dress forms no part of Tissie's religion, but already she feels that she is slipping from her attractive appearance of three years ago. She has made new dresses by her size 14 patterns. She has made new dresses by those same patterns for her sizes 14 to 44 colleagues. "Please," writes Tissie, "send me some different patterns. Used ones will do, any kind, and size."

Happily, we collected patterns, fashion sheets, and magazines for Tissie to figure out stylish combinations for herself and her assorted sisters. We, too, believe with Tissie that a certain amount of "vanity is sanity."

One day Tertius wrote, "Ours is a 200-bed hospital doing 1,400 operations a year on people so anemic that they often require blood transfusions. We sorely lack laboratory equipment. A blood bank is a desperate need. For instance, we just had an accident case, a big strong man who arrived in shock. We worked over him for ten long heartbreaking hours doing re-amputations and trying to find blood donors, but after all he died. He died and others like him die because we do not have a few glass bottles to store a small supply of blood for such emergencies. I cannot locate such bottles anywhere in this country. Please see what you can do for me. Even six would help."

Making the dead man's cause our own, we collected a hundred dollars within the next few weeks. People our age, too old to donate to the local bloodmobile, children too young to give blood gave money for bottles-for-blood in faroff India. We gave lectures, wrote innumerable letters, and presently, "on a slow cargo boat and a prayer" our precious cargo of

(Continued on page 28)

There is no
dollars-and-cents profit
in this business.
... We enjoy that
comfortable feeling
of being needed,
and we believe
that our small
contributions count
in big ways toward
somebody's happiness.'

BY GRACE HOWARD

IT'S gotten to the point where a burned-out TV tube is a major calamity in the American home. When one looks deeper, an even greater calamity is apparent. We otherwise intelligent, resourceful people are becoming unable to entertain ourselves unless we are staring at a 21-inch screen.

I have seen that statement in various forms a dozen times, but until recently it didn't penetrate the vacuum we live in during one favorite program after another. It was so peaceful knowing the children would calm down the minute the TV was turned on. It was so easy to drift through an evening knowing we wouldn't have to dress up to go somewhere. There was our amusement right in the living room, ready at the flick of a dial. We and millions of other fellow Americans were happily absorbed in doing nothing except looking at TV.

Not that television is to blame. It's a wonderful advantage in dozens of ways, and we wouldn't be without ours for anything. But it isn't going to rule our home anymore! If you prefer a TV life, you may as well go back to channel 4 or 8. If you've read this far, however, you must have some concern about your dependence on a television screen. Perhaps our methods of breaking the strangle hold can give you some ideas to help your situation.

It didn't come about suddenly—this realization that TV ruled our home. We first noticed that we had considerable trouble choosing a night to have friends in for a showing of colored slides. Each suggested time interfered with some special program that one of us couldn't live without seeing. (So we thought.) Next I realized that I was cutting certain meetings because they coincided with my programs. Then the children couldn't complete their schoolwork in between certain programs. Finally, they ignored the Good Humor man's little bell because they were in the middle of some space ship affair that couldn't be left.

That did it! I marshaled my forces and made an after-dinner speech. After a rather startled silence, my family rallied and admitted that TV was too much in control.

I smiled happily at the easy victory and asked what we should do about it. Right there we ran into serious trouble. Everyone had at least three programs a night that he couldn't possibly miss. I closed my eyes and envisioned how my supposedly intelligent family looked staring open-mouthed at our TV screen. Then I plunged in with more suggestions. We'll spare you the blow-by-blow description, but we finally did come up with a workable plan.

We listed the week's programs that we "just had to see." Then we each crossed out half of them. That was a heart-rending time, and only my hints of interesting substitute entertainment helped us rally.

We combined our battered lists and found that at least half the programs were duplicates. That was a great help. Then we listed the programs which were on during the night. We found that some nights had good programs, while others had poor ones.

By that time everyone was anxious to overcome

obstacles, and we decided to concentrate our viewing to certain nights rather than to certain hours. For our family it works out that TV viewing is limited to Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. Everyone had to give up some pet program on other nights, but as long as we were sharing in the great sacrifice we cleared that hurdle. It brought about a sort of united feeling of suffering together!

Before you decide that we are either completely daft, or most untruthful, let me make a point clear. We decided that all rules are made to be broken, and there are times when a special program wins us away from our determined stand. Some nights, Saturday and Sunday for instance, we usually look at one program and then turn off the set. In general, however, we stick to a three-night week with just a sprinkling of programs in between.

So what do we do during those horrible hours when there is no glaring picture seen? Nothing spectacular really, but we've found family interests once more and are enjoying them.

Some nights are game nights. With growing children there is always room for activity both physical and mental. We brought out our dusty games, invested in some new ones, and also challenged each other to round up interesting parlor games.

Bedtime stories used to be a very important routine, but lately Ozzie, Godfrey, and the Lone Ranger have crowded stories into the background. To renew interest we now make a weekly trip to the library. There each of us chooses an armload of books and heads for home and a quiet corner. Stacked-up magazine are also being cleared out before the next month's issue arrives, school reference work is taking a new lease on life, and all of us enjoy the pleasure of reading without the blaring of someone else's program.

Some nights we pop corn and sit around making plans for vacation with maps all over the floor. Or we view our slides from previous summers and talk over the fun we had.

Hobbies can consume whole evenings with each of us absorbed in plans and work. Neglected handwork is being tackled with interest instead of a fever of getting it done in time for an evening of TV. Dad is getting some much needed painting completed.

One youngster has recently started clarinet lessons. Eventually, I hope to dust off my old uke, and we can have some musical evenings. They won't be very polished, but they will be noisy and lots of fun. I can remember some wonderfully happy song fests when I was a child, and I don't want my children to miss such homey fun. The companionship will be remembered lots longer than anything television can offer.

We're having friends in more often. My husband and I have also found that we are actually talking with each other as we hadn't done in ages. We've had lively and vigorous discussions on all sorts of topics. In short we have found we enjoy each other's company!

Well, these are a few of the things we're doing
(Continued on page 28)

by Julie Holmes

You Don't Have to Look at TV!



Philip Gendreau

Children can find ways of entertaining themselves in addition to watching TV. Although it is a marvelous device, television should not be the family's sole source of amusement.

SCHOOL SCOOPS

We're planning a School Party, yes, 'tis true! And we want you to be there. Yes, we mean you! We'll meet all the others, and have lots of fun. Now we're back together, and school has begun.

Date	Place	Time
------	-------	------

The above invitation verse, written on pennant-shaped cards in the school colors, will convey not only the purpose of the party, but also a bit of the spirit and intention of this school get-together.

Decorate the rooms, or gymnasium, in crepe paper streamers in the school colors, and include among the decorations as many pennants from other schools and colleges as can be obtained.

As a good mixer, and to keep the guests circulating, pin on each arrival a small paper pennant bearing the name of a college or university. The pennants have previously been numbered consecutively. Also hand each arriving guest a sheet of paper and a pencil, with instructions to write down on the paper, beside the corresponding number, the name of the city in which is located the college or university or the pennant having the same number.

For example, some player is wearing the pennant bearing the name Yale. That is an easy one, for nearly all students know that Yale is in New Haven, Conn. The university or college bearing a name that is the same as the city in which it is located such as Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, etc., should not be used, but try some of the following and see how many can guess where they are located. Barnard (New York City); Colgate (Hamilton, N. Y.); Cornell (Ithaca, N. Y.); Dartmouth (Hanover, N. H.); Harvard (Cambridge, Mass.); University of Illinois (Urbana); Johns Hopkins

(Baltimore, Md.); University of Michigan (Ann Arbor); Ohio State (Columbus); Purdue (Lafayette, Ind.); Randolph-Macon (Ashland, Va.); Rutgers (New Brunswick, N. J.); Smith (Northampton, Mass.); U.S. Naval Academy (Annapolis, Md.); Wayne University (Detroit, Mich.); and so on. A full list of the locations of schools will be found in the back of Webster's Dictionary.

After this mixer, during which time the guests have had a chance to say hello to each other, propose a sit-down game for the next event.

Supply each player with another sheet of paper and ask each person to write the name of his favorite college or school at the top of the paper.

Next request each one to separate the letters in the name of the school written down, and using each letter as the beginning of a word, form a sentence with them on any subject. Thus, someone choosing Duke for their university could write, "Did Ulysses know everything?" For Oberlin someone could write, "Oh, boy! Everyone remembers loving in November." For Yale, "Yes, always leave early!" This stunt is sure to cause much merriment because, not knowing to what use their choice is to be put, they are likely to select some long, difficult name like Georgia School of Technology, or Rice Institute and thus find themselves facing quite a task.

Everyone knows how to play charades, and a lively game of charades can be introduced by acting out the names of colleges for the others to guess. Some names that can be used for this purpose would be Cornell (Corn-L), Fordham (Ford car-ham), Grinnell (Grin-L), William and Mary, Yale, Brown, Princeton Washington, West Point, and so on.

A backward spelling bee is appropriate for a school party. One

DRAK

UCLA

YAL

by Loie Brandom

of the hostesses acts as teacher and "gives out" the words from a list that has been previously prepared. Only simple words of two, three, and four letters should be used, because each word must be spelled backward, and before the teacher can count to ten. Each one failing in the allotted time must leave the game. The prize winner is the one remaining after the others have been "spelled down."

School sports should play a part in any party of this nature; so we might introduce a game of basketball. For this a bushel basket is placed at one end of the room, and a chalk line drawn across the opposite end. Each captain selects five men for his side, and each team is provided with a large rubber water ball. The teams line up back of the chalk line and take turns at either tossing or bouncing their ball at the basket. A man from one team throws, then one from the other side, and so on. Every time the ball lands in the basket, it counts ten points for the team whose man throws it. After each man on each team has had three turns at throwing, the scores are totaled to determine the winning team.

Baseball. Nine girls are chosen from each side to make up the baseball teams, and they are lined up behind the chalk mark. A large size embroidery hoop is suspended in an open doorway. Three small soft rubber balls are provided, and the girls take turns trying to throw the balls through the hoop. Each time the ball goes through the hoop, a score of ten points is chalked up for the team whose pitcher made the hit. These points are totaled up as in the preceding game.

The School Oratorical Contest. Line the boys up in one row and the girls in another row facing them, the lines being only about one yard apart. A judge has pre-

viously been chosen. Starting with the leaders of the two lines, request them to look each other in the eyes, draw a long breath, and at the signal GO, given by the judge, see which one can say the longest list of names of colleges without laughing or taking a fresh breath. The judge decides the winner. After this the number two couple compete in the same manner. The contest is between the boys and girls and always proves most amusing.

The refreshments may be the usual school-type favorites of hamburgers in buns, potato chips, pickles, and a soft drink. Or they may consist of only ice cream and cake, with a fruit punch.

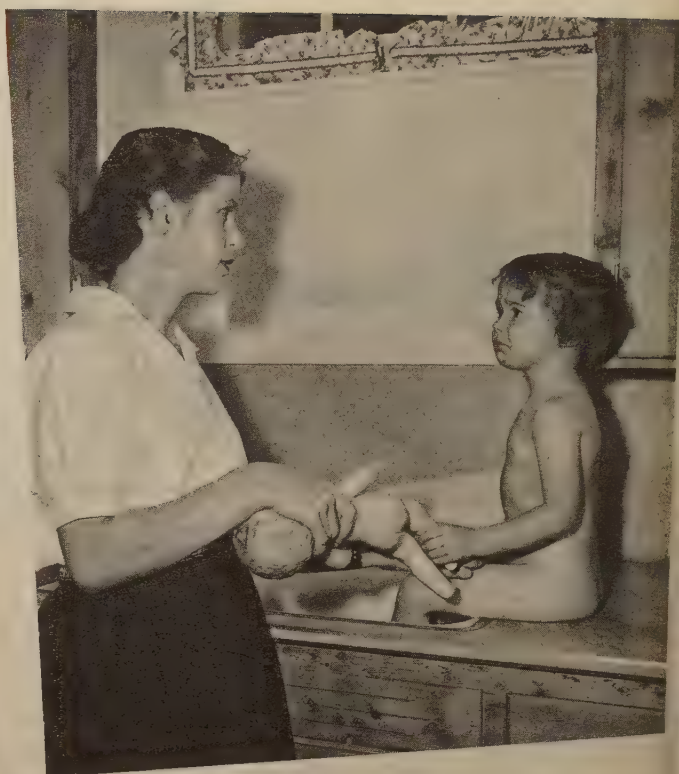
If ice cream is served, it would be novel to have a "good luck" cake to go with it. Use tiny plastic fortune-telling objects (well-scrubbed, of course) to put in the batter when the cake dough is ready for the oven. The cake is cut in the presence of all the guests, and persons receiving the pieces of cake containing the emblems are the lucky ones. Thus, a ring in a piece of cake would indicate an early marriage. A miniature airplane foretells much traveling, while a dime means wealth. A tiny boat suggests the life of a Navy man; a wee pig or cow indicates the calling of a farmer; a thimble predicts a seamstress, if a girl gets it, but a bachelor if a boy gets it. Other emblems that might be used would be a miniature musical instrument for a band leader, a tiny spoon to suggest a cook, a toy badge for a policeman, and so on.

Plan to bring the party to a close with the singing of some of the latest popular songs, always ending with the school, or college favorites.

A party of this kind adds zip to any school's morale whether it be a secular school or the young people's division of a church school.

Here is a party especially for college-minded youth, but those whose college years are over will like it, too.

Feature by Eric Wahleen



TOP: Mother checks high tide marks.

BOTTOM: Forecast is for showers and small squalls.

TOP: Complaint that doll needs washing doesn't work.

BOTTOM: Who breathed down my back?

IT'S obvious why anybody takes a bath—and that doesn't exclude three-year-old Tooky. High-water marks lead straight to the bathtub.

A kitchen sink is a natural setting for the scrub-up process, though Tooky wiggles more than dishes do and requires much more soap.

Laundrying a small child calls for water at 98 degrees, room to squirm at 75 degrees or more, all supervised by an efficient handmaid by the name of Mother.

We adults seldom get such Cinderella service, but Tooky takes it all for granted. After all, hasn't Mom been handling her affairs for three whole years?

Splash Party



Think yer smart, huh? Me for the big tub from now on.

GROWING UP

by Beryl Powers

Higgledy was a big fat beauty of a hen, with a red comb that sat proudly on her cocky white head. Joey loved Higgledy, and he knew she loved him, because when he whistled, she ran to him and half-flew, half-jumped into his arms.

Higgledy and Joey were in trouble. Joey looked up at Dad, up-up past his long slim legs to his black eyes. Joey's fondest wish was to be tall and dark like Dad instead of short and sandy.

"Joey, that hen has been in our new fall garden patch. She has scratched up all our carrot and turnip seeds."

"She doesn't know any better, Dad. She's just a hen." Joey grinned. "I wish I were as tall as you."

Usually Dad's eyes squeezed together in a smile when he said this. But not this time. "You want to grow up?" he asked slowly.

"Sure do."

"Being tall won't do it, son. You're got to grow up inside as well as out. You've got to learn to take care of things. The next time you let that hen get in our garden, I'll put her in the pen with the other hens and keep her there!"

"That would be bad," Joey thought. "I'll watch her, Dad," he promised. "Honest I will."

All the next day Joey and Dad worked hard. They knelt and tucked young thin green cabbage plants into the turned brown earth. When they had finished the four long rows, Joey stretched and yelled in relief.

"Whoopie! Corned beef and cabbage! Cabbage slaw! New England stew! Enough for all winter!"

"Betcha!" Dad was pleased, too. "Good day!"

But the next day was a bad day, for Joey forgot to put Higgledy back in her pen. Sure enough, that pesky hen dug up almost half of the cabbage plants.

Dad spoke to Joey sharply. "Look, Joey, that hen must go! She has messed up our seeds and dug up our cabbage plants."

Joey made an excuse for his pet. "Dad, it was my fault. I forgot to put her back when we were through running around—I was going to—"

Dad broke in. "Do you want to keep that pet? Then you had better learn to take care of her. You had better begin to grow up."

"I won't let her get into anything more. She's my pet, and I'll see that she behaves."

"Good. Now it's bad enough to lose those seeds and cabbages, even though you and I can plant them again. But your grandmother has a prize chrysanthemum that's going to the fair at Salem next week,

and believe me that hen had better not ruin the chrysanthemum plant."

"Dad, I'll watch her." Joey promised again.

"If you don't, I'll have to give her away," Dad replied.

Late the next afternoon when it was too warm to work, Joey took Higgledy from her pen. She fluttered into his arms. He took her over to the chrysanthemum. "Look there, Higgledy. That you'd better not bother! You could be sent away just for digging that up."



Joey felt a bit sober as he considered summer and fall days without Higgledy tagging at his heels. He cheered up, though, when Dad called from the back porch. "Want to go fishing for shiners?" Joey dropped Higgledy and ran for his rod and tackle.

Fishing with Dad was real sport. They lolled side by side in the shade of two old maples that hung over Meander Creek in the back of the farm. Four fat shiners and a small bass glistened on the grassy bank between them. Dad whistled "Polly Wolly Doodle" while he watched the sun-edged ripples of the stream. Then he tried some words:

"Down in the barnyard on my knees
Singin' Polly Wolly Doodle all the day,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze
Singin' Po—"

Joey sat up in alarm. "Chicken—Higgledy—I forgot to put her away before we left. Gramma's flower—!"

(Continued on page 30)



WORSHIP

in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

Helping Others

"I need to learn a new song for choir, Mother," Phil said. "Will you please help me?"

"And I'll learn it, too," said Kathy, Phil's little sister.

"You are too little to be in the choir," Phil said.

Mother went to the piano, opened the hymnbook, and played the hymn while Phil tried to learn it. Kathy sat near, listening and watching carefully.

After a while Phil made a mistake.

"That's wrong, Phil," Kathy said. "This is the way it goes." And she sang it correctly.

Phil turned to Mother. "How does she do it, Mother? She hasn't even been singing, yet she knows it better than I do! I don't understand it!"

Mother smiled at the children. "Why don't you let her help you learn it?" she asked.

Kathy began to sing. It was easier to learn the song when a strong, true voice was helping.

The next Sunday morning just before the junior choir was ready to sing the new song at church, the director said, "Mildred is not here. We depend on her to lead out on the melody. I wonder what we can do."

"I know," Phil said quickly. "My little sister can sing this song better than I can. She could help us."

"Please get her," said the director.

So Phil raced to Kathy's room.

"Would you please come to help us sing?" he asked. "We need you."

After the song was over, the director said to Kathy, "You may

be little, but your voice is big. You helped us to sing praises to God today. Thank you."

Phil looked at Kathy proudly. "I'm glad you learn songs so easily," he said.

"You are growing as Jesus grew—in helping others," Mother said.

THEME FOR
SEPTEMBER:

Growing as
Jesus Grew

A Word to Parents

The material on this page and on the next two pages is for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Sid Rotz





Gedde Harmon

TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

Obedying the Law

There was trouble at Heather Street School—serious trouble! The pupils were not obeying the Safety Patrol, and a child had been struck by an automobile as a result. An assembly meeting had been called. When the students reached the auditorium, who should be on the platform but their friend, Mr. Hollis, the policeman!

Mr. Jones, the principal, said, "Many of you know why we called an assembly today. We are sorry for the accident that resulted from our failure to obey rules. Since law and order are so important in our lives, I have asked our friend, Mr. Hollis, to talk to us."

Mr. Hollis had known most of the boys and girls since they had started to kindergarten. He went to the same church that many of them attended. He looked around. It seemed to each student that he was looking directly at him! Then Mr. Hollis smiled his big, kind smile, and at once everyone felt better.

"I've been to the hospital to see Mildred," he began. "She is not so seriously hurt as she might have been. We are glad for that; but she need not have been hurt at all! If she had obeyed the Safety Patrol—if she had obeyed the law—this never would have happened. I need not tell you that.

"It is quite natural, I suppose," Mr. Hollis smiled again, "to want to do what we want when we want. It is not always pleasant to have to wait to do some things until we are told we may. Let's think about that a bit. Suppose you wanted to play a game, and none of you were willing to keep the rules; or suppose that each of you made his own rules. A group could not play under such conditions. So, in order to enjoy the game, each of you is willing to obey the rules—which really means doing what one is told to do when he is told to do it.

"Living together in a group is much like a game. There must be rules—or laws—if the living is to be happy. Not all persons are willing to keep the rules; so laws have been made with penalties for disobeying them."

Several heads nodded in agreement with Mr. Hollis.

"Perhaps you can help me with this talk," he said. "Who can think of reasons for keeping the law?"

Larry held up his hand. "Laws help us to know what we can do," he said, "and what we cannot do."

"That's right," said Mr. Hollis. "They help us to learn how to play the game of living together."

"Laws protect us," Albert said, "and keep us safe—as Mildred would have been if she had obeyed the Safety Patrol."

"Laws give us a chance to do what we want to do," Helen spoke up, "like claiming our rights—just as in a game."

Other heads nodded and other hands went up.

"Obeying law helps others to like us," John said. "In a game we don't like the ones who won't keep the rules."

"Laws must be learned before we can live together," Jane said. "It's like a game—we can't play it if we don't know the rules. So laws teach us."

Bob's hand went up. Mr. Hollis nodded to him.

"Isn't there a law in everything?" he said. "I don't know quite how to say it, but it's like sunrise, and flowers growing in the spring, and the summer turning to fall, and fall to winter. It seems to me there must be laws about those things, too, for we always can count on them happening."

"That's right, Bob. There is a law in everything, for that is the way God created his world. We say that the universe is orderly and that we can depend on it. That is another way of saying that it is governed by law, and that laws can be depended upon."

"This has been a fine discussion," Mr. Jones said. "I would like to add one thought. We grow by a law, too: in body, in mind, in getting along with others, and in relation to God. That is the way Jesus grew; that is the way we grow, too, to be our best selves."

"And that is the best law to obey," Mr. Hollis said.

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Song: Use the one printed on this page, or choose one of the following: "Jesus, Our Friend," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 5; "I Would Follow Jesus," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 35; "Building," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Two, Summer Quarter, page 23; "O Son of Man," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Two, Summer Quarter, page 32; "My Master Was a Worker," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Three, Summer Quarter, page 25.

Story: Choose one of the following: "When Jesus Was a Boy," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Fall Quarter, page 43; "The Boy Jesus in His Nazareth Home," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 3; "Going to School in Nazareth," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 7; "A Boy in Nazareth," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, pages 3 to 7.

Scripture Passage: And the child grew and became strong; filled with wisdom; and the favor of God was upon him.—Luke 2:40.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation based upon the scripture passage, or use one of the following: "How Jesus Grew," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, pages 33 and 34; "The Boy Jesus in the Temple," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Three, Spring Quarter, page 14.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on this page or use one of the following: "When Jesus Was a Child Like Me," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 13; "Like Jesus," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 16; "A Morning Prayer," Primary Pupil's Book, Year Two, Winter Quarter, page 34; "A Prayer for Forgiveness," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 15; "A Prayer for Growth," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 43; "Our Prayer," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Two,

Winter Quarter, page 48; "In Summer," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Two, Summer Quarter, page 24; "His Youth," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Three, Summer Quarter, pages 22 to 24.

Prayer: Use "A Prayer," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 16, or use the one printed here: Dear God, we are glad that we can grow. We are glad, too, for the Bible stories about Jesus and how he grew. Help us to learn better how to grow as he grew. In his name we pray. Amen.

A Bible Poem

He has showed you, O man, what
is good;
and what does the LORD require
of you
but to do justice, and to love kind-
ness,
and to walk humbly with your
God?

—Micah 6:8.

I'll Take a Melody

Dear God:

Let me keep within my heart
A melody
When joy and disappointment
come.
I cannot always win,
So let me graciously accept defeat
and smile;
A cheerful loser I will always try
to be
And shed no tears. . . .
A happy tune will see and sing me
through
Each triumph and defeat.

Amen.

—Robbie Jane Fenner (Age 13)

My Teacher

I like to see my teacher smile,
It seems to make her shine,
And when I like her smile so much
I think she might like mine.

So every day I'll bring to school
A little smile to share,
And I will ask the Lord to keep
My teacher in his care.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

Glad I Am to Grow!

Elizabeth McR. Shields, 1944

Florence Jodley, 1944

1. Glad I am to live! Glad I am to grow!
2. Glad I am to live! Glad I am to grow!

I would grow as Je-sus grew, Strong in bod-y, strong to do
Fa-ther, may each com-ing day, Make me strong to do Thy way

What is right and brave and true. Glad I am to grow!
As I work and as I play. Glad I am to grow!

Words and music copyright, 1946, by The Westminster Press.

Parents Are Teachers

The church school does not have the entire responsibility for the religious education of your children. The Bible admonishes you as parents to teach your children about God. An hour a week is not sufficient religious education.

In ancient times the training of children was the job of the parents. The son was taught by his father to hunt and provide for his family. The daughter learned from her mother how to cook and make clothing. The only code of ethics was that which the parents used. We read in Deuteronomy, chapter six, that the teaching of the Ten Commandments and the precepts of the Hebrew religion were the responsibility of the parents. This was a command, and it also says to us that we must learn to love God with all our hearts, and we must diligently teach this love to our children, talking about it as we sit in our homes, when we walk by the way, when we lie down, and when we rise. Early Hebrew people wrote this command and placed it on the doorposts of their houses so that going out, or coming in, they would be reminded of the God who loved them.

Years passed. People went through periods of demonstrating their love for God and being punished for doing so. There was revolution in the church. There were times of false piety. Then the church began to assume the job of teaching children, and parents sat back and relinquished the task. Today we have come to a healthy conclusion that, first of all, those early commands given to Moses concerning the family are as good for today as they were then. The job of teaching children is primarily that of the parents. The church, however, provides helps and materials and impetus for doing the job. The two work hand in hand. Neither is effective without the other.

A child spends approximately two hours a week under the direct influence of his church, thirty at school, and the remaining one hundred and thirty-six hours in his



Ewing Galloway

home. About seventy of this is spent in sleeping, thus giving the parents the larger portion of time for a teaching opportunity. Fortunately, the home has the best atmosphere possible for practical application of Christian principles. Here are life situations made to order, longer hours, and personal contacts for teaching such ideas as the sharing of possessions, helping one another, curbing one's temper, respecting one another's property, telling the truth, learning to be a good sport, practicing stewardship, demonstrating one's faith in God.

A child's life is like a sponge. He absorbs much of what he sees and hears. Through the example of his parents he forms these ideals and his concept of right and wrong. How often a mother is startled to

hear herself echoed in the way her daughter talks to her doll, or a father guiltily punishes his son for using the very language that he has heard from him. Young people establish their own home lives in a pattern which is a composite of the two homes from which they came. A young wife will cook meals and keep her house much the way her mother does. A young husband will act toward his son much as he was treated by his own father. There will be a blending of family customs. Since parents' lives are mirrors reflecting the destiny of their children, it might be well for us to examine some of our own thinking to know where we stand and what we stand for before we pass along our ideals to our children.

What is our obligation concerning the Christian training of our children? How much should we leave to our church? What do we think about stewardship? What about our feeling toward equal rights for all people? How do we act toward our neighbors? How much do we pray or read the Bible? Have we mature ideas of God? In the command God gave to Moses for parents God did not say, "See that you send your children to Sunday church school, and your obligation will be fulfilled." No, God said, "*You shall love the Lord your God.*" That comes first. Then *you* teach this diligently to your children.

How are we going to fulfill these obligations? Where do we get help? We teach first by example. Then we teach by counseling, such as answering questions about the whys and hows of things. We do it by giving time to our children, setting aside the newspaper or the dust cloth for on-the-spot guidance. We find time to do things together during which we can make use of some of the best teaching opportunities. We make use of material written for parents by those

who know the answers to our questioning. We explain the Christian meaning of special days and put those first in our home activities. We follow through on what the church is doing by making practical application of Sunday church school lessons during the week, seeing that our children do assignments and knowing why they are doing them. We participate in church affairs, attending worship as a family, having an active part in some of the church activities such as women's clubs, men's fellowship, teaching a class on Sunday, singing in the choir, acting as an usher, attending parent meetings, taking our turn at community activities such as helping with a Scout troop.

One mistake often made by parents is that of trying to give to their children the same concept of religious ideals which they hold as adults. We cannot expect a child of three to know God as we do, nor can we expect him to think like his twelve-year-old brother or sister. We can decide with the help of the church just what our children should believe at certain stages of their development, and then provide the atmosphere and stimulus to help him acquire a growing

Study Guide

for "PARENTS ARE TEACHERS"

I. Preparation for the Meeting

It is important for you, the leader, to have clearly in mind the purpose of the study. What do you want to happen to the thinking of parents at this meeting? In order to do this you will need to read the basic article very carefully. You should then think about it from all angles. You can get a wider background by reading some of the material suggested in the "Available Helps" section. You should familiarize yourself with the scripture which is basic to this study, reading the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy and thinking of its application for parents of today. Perhaps your minister has a copy of a good commentary which

would help you formulate your thoughts. You will need to be familiar with the questions listed for discussion. See that the article "Parents Are Teachers" is read by as many of the group as possible. For the benefit of those who have not read it, you may summarize the article at the beginning of the meeting, or ask a parent to do so briefly. Be sure to give parents plenty of time to prepare. Parents are busy people.

A publicity committee of parents might work with you on effective means of getting parents to attend the meeting. You might begin with a mailed notice. Follow this by having the program mentioned in your church bulletin.

Attractive posters and telephone calls will also help. Have your meeting at a time most convenient for both parents to attend. Provide free baby sitting service by volunteers from a group of older church members or young people.

See that parents are welcomed as they arrive and that they are introduced to each other. A few well-chosen words, such as, "This is John and Jane—, they live in your neighborhood," or "They have a youngster the age of yours," or "Your children go to the same school," will break the ice and lead to a more informal feeling when the time for discussion arrives.

Keep your meeting informal, by having the chairs arranged in a circle rather than in rows. Then as they divide into groups, they can adjust the chairs. Be sure you know how you are going to have them do this so as to save time and avoid confusion.

Arrange to have a blackboard for your meeting. You should have pencils and paper available for making lists or taking notes in the "buzz" groups. If you plan to use the second method, you will need to type the questions on slips of paper for distributing to the group. Some of these may be given out before the meeting.

Be ready to bring the discussion to a concise conclusion by summing up the thinking of the group in a few definite statements of some things the group may do to fulfill their responsibility as Christian parents.

Ask several parents to provide and serve simple refreshments after the meeting.

(Continued on page 28.)

Christian faith. There are many books recommended for children which act as springboards for the more practical application which home situations provide. Be on the lookout for these in the stores. Ask your minister to suggest books to use with your children.

Our community and nation are made up of small units of democracy of which the home is the smallest and most important part. It in itself is a true democracy. Here Dad should be a president or guiding hand, not a dictator. It is here that our children learn the basic democratic principles. In the family council children express opinions but learn that others have rights too. They learn to accept an idea even if they did not vote for it, because the majority were for it. They learn respect for those whose experience gives them greater knowledge. They learn that no personal problem need be solved alone.

In a truly democratic home where God is the acknowledged Sovereign and Lord, children grow up with the knowledge that their parents live their lives with a sense of dependence upon God. They, too, learn this dependence so that when they get older and leave home for college, military service, or to establish homes for themselves, they will have this basic foundation which will help them to face life with a sense of direction and purpose, to meet difficulties with poise, and to establish Christian homes of their own.

Thus, the first and great commandment, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might," which Moses instructed the Hebrew people to teach to their children in their homes, is taught from one generation to another, renewing itself with freshness and finding new meaning in the future homes of our children.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Popular place for canoeing -----	99 133 14 109 128
B Soars through the air -----	46 117 57 100 54
C Roundabout way -----	78 142 24 61 77 122
D Jack-in-the-pulpit and Dutchman's-breeches --	74 118 35 56 50 62 147
E Freezing -----	60 139 55 149 48 75
F Any disease that withers plants -----	70 53 87 63 112 72
G Trimming—as in the song about the surrey --	9 37 116 80 12 148
H Not suitable -----	36 108 5 64 125
I To counterfeit another's writing -----	129 10 51 132 106
J In the middle -----	94 29 44 1 115 40 6
K What piano keys are made of -----	110 41 130 23 45
L Dog for the blind -----	31 26 42 4 92 86 15 67 32
M Examine thoroughly for repairs -----	2 88 66 25 38 47 8 58
N Excellence of character -----	65 13 114 82 121 95
O Ducks, geese, and chickens -----	28 68 138 59 93 3 34
P Robbers -----	98 49 73 21 134 91 27

Q Three and one-third dozen -----	123 120 11 111 136
R A great deal of wealth-----	83 76 97 140 71 18 89
S Large animal of the deer family -----	16 137 79 104 135
T A den or lair -----	126 103 69 43 19
U Show performed mostly in song -----	84 102 113 131 145
V A pledge -----	144 85 7 90 96 30 17
W Listens to -----	20 127 52 141 101
X Desert stopping places-----	81 124 146 39 105
Y What a timid boy is sometimes called -----	143 22 107 33 119

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3		4	5		6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15		16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23		24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33		34	35	36	37		38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45		46	47	48	49	50	51
52	53		54	55	56	57	58	59		60	61
62	63		64	65	66		67	68	69		70
71	72		73	74		75	76	77		78	79
80	81		82	83		84	85	86	87	88	89
90	91		92	93	94		95	96	97		98
99	100		101	102	103	104	105	106		107	108
109	110		111	112	113	114		115	116	117	
118		119	120	121	122		123	124	125	126	127
	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135		136	137
	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148
	149										



mama came to live with us

(Continued from page 4)

ing noisy. I hope you understand."

"Yes, I understand," Mama said quietly.

As I said before, that was five years ago. You should see that room now. We all cram into it, and the pillows that were placed just so, that first day are long since rumpled and crushed; but the room looks lived-in. Mama kept to her room for a few days—four days to be exact. Then she decided that she would like to be with folks; so she came out. The boys dragged her big rocker out to the family living room, too, so she could have her place on the line of march. If she is not there when they arrive home from school, they call out, "Where's Gram?"

It wasn't many days before she found her way to the kitchen. First she took a tea towel and suggested she would dry the dishes. "Now, Mama," I pleaded, "we certainly did not expect you to work here. You just go into the other room and enjoy yourself."

"I'll enjoy myself more if I have something to do," she muttered.

Soon she was washing the dishes, as well as drying them. She said, "I feel better standing on my feet some—getting fat from so much sitting."

One morning she appeared at the kitchen door just as I was hurrying about the day's preparation. I wanted to go out to a luncheon. "Good morning, Mama," I called gaily.

"Good morning, child. Did I hear you say you were going out for the day?"

"Yes, and I am in an awful hurry." (You know how it is; I am afraid I wasn't even civil.)

"Mind if I do a little baking while you're gone?"

"Oh, Mama, I don't have time to help you with it." (I am sure I whined a bit.)

"You needn't help, child. I baked before you were born, and I guess I can still bake cookies or a cake. The boys might like them." (She was so patient that I really felt ashamed.)

"All right, Mama; I guess it will be all right. Just leave everything when you're through. I'll clean up later."

"Humph" is all I heard as I hastily kissed her good-by and left the house.

We soon began to depend on Mama's baking, and she always seems so happy when the boys bring their friends in, even though they completely devour a batch of cookies in a few minutes.

Most of our preconceived ideas about mama sitting had to be changed those first few months. We had known she was deaf; so we were prepared to shout to make her understand. But she shook her head and said quietly: "Now if you'll just come in front of me and speak slowly and not too loud, I'll be able to read your lips. That's a lot less unpleasant. The way you're shouting sounds like the static on the radio."

We also learned "the hard way" that with the loss of her sense of hearing, she had lost the sense of smell. I was alarmed to discover a gas jet open, and I was annoyed

that Mama had not detected the odor. I did not refer to it, however, and it was not until a day or so later that I learned of her deficiency. One of the boys brought her a carnation from the garden. "Smell it, Gram. It smells like spices."

"I am sure it does, laddie, but you see I can't tell how things smell now. I just have to depend on my memory." So we learned that Mama needed us in some ways.

There came a day when she seemed very restless, and I asked her if there was something she especially wanted to do. She said, "I feel so unnecessary. I wish I could make some things with my hands, maybe for the church bazaar. Then I'd feel as though I were doing some good for somebody." So we talked it over and decided on the materials she wanted, and I got them for her, as she is not able to go to the stores. Ever since then she has kept herself occupied with knitting, crocheting, or sewing, and she is able to make her own contribution that way.

When it came time to give Mama some Christmas gifts, we selected the wrong things that first season. We found that she did not want a bed jacket, but that a pretty sweater to throw around her shoulders pleased her a lot. We learned that she did not want any more handkerchiefs. "Have enough to last me out." So we watched her needs and her likes, and then we gave her a magnifying glass to help her with her crossword puzzles. We gave her some games—anagrams, parchesi, backgammon—games that we played when we were kids. She can beat us all at those, and it is a source of joy to her to vie with us. We learned that illustrated books on travel and an atlas are constant companions in the hours that she is alone. So Mama taught us a lot of things that we did not know about growing old.

Make her comfortable? Yes, indeed, but consult her ideas on what "comfort" means.

Spare her every care and responsibility? No! Let her rest and enjoy herself? No! It could even prove fatal.



OURSELVES

as others see us

(Continued from page 6)

future. The past is the lesson. The future is the dream. But we should live in the present, with the influence of both.

Raja: When I came to America, I wanted to see your monuments and statues. I said to an American student, "Have you visited the Statue of Liberty?" He answered, to my amazement, "No!" Then he went on to say: "When I feel the essence of a thing, I do not care to see its symbol. I would rather spend the time and money it takes to get there on somebody who is deprived of liberty, so that I can help him get it." This experience—and another one in Washington, when I got an appointment to see the Vice-President of the United States as easily as I could get an appointment with my schoolmaster—confirmed my belief in the liberal and democratic ideas which live in the hearts of the American people.

Kimiko: You have much here that we do not have in Asia. So I was glad when someone asked me what gift the Japanese people could give to you. My gift to you would be composure.

When we are composed, we can observe more delicately and think more deeply. In Japan art has become a part of life. We don't have to go to a museum for it.

Views on Freedom

Gunnar: My gift to America would be of quite a different kind, and maybe very surprising to you. As surprising as it was to me to be asked, "How does it feel to be in a really democratic country?" Of course, I admit that America is a democratic country, but maybe there is a danger to American democracy today that can most easily be seen by someone from another country.

We learned in Norway during the last war what it means to be afraid to speak our opinions. We have felt the horror of being gagged, and we never want to feel it again. During my stay here in the United States I have heard and seen a lot of things I do not understand. I read of a proposal for concentration camps for subversives in the army. On television I heard a Senate Investigating Committee ask a woman if she ever subscribed to a certain newspaper. I was with a boy who did not dare to go into a Russian movie because his father worked in the State

Department. I am glad that I live in a democracy where such things do not happen.

Philippe: I would like to say this: Don't worry too much what the rest of the world thinks about you. Whatever you do, some people will criticize you. If you leave your soldiers in Europe, people will call you imperialists. If you take them away, they will say you are cowards, abandoning us. The Americans I have liked best here were those who, while interested in our criticisms of you, were not shaken by them in their fundamental beliefs. If I understand you, this fundamental belief, based on enlightened self-interest, is marked by a real concern for your neighbors and the belief that every country in the world can be, and should be, free. As long as you stick to these principles, you will live up to your role of world leadership.

Kimiko: In America people make efforts to satisfy their wants; but in Asia people make efforts to have the self-control to become free from want.

In America each individual is important. I felt terrible when I realized how different we are. I can't even decide for myself whom I will marry.

Importance of Individual

Gunnar: About one month ago all the delegates were in Washington together. We had a lot of experiences there, met President Eisenhower, and had lunch in the Congress; but I'll have to admit that what made the strongest impression on me was one little placard that I saw outside a church building with the words: "The Baptist Church is being repaired; so we are having our services in the Jewish Temple."

That was all. The placard said so little, yet it said so much. It told that here were people who were different in their ideas but who respected each other, and who were concerned about other people's chances to express their particular feelings. I think that is the most important thing it is possible to learn. I don't think it is necessary that people agree. I don't even find it necessary that they understand each other. What counts is that everybody can tolerate ideas different from his own, and not only tolerate them, but be willing to fight for the right of the other fellow to express his opinions.

● Middleman Profit

(Continued from page 11)

bottles complete with glass beads, vent tubes, and stainless steel stoppers went forward to relieve a scandalous situation.

In another letter Tertius mentioned one of his many extra projects, designing and building the rose window of the new hospital chapel. "I have chosen the lotus, familiar Indian symbol, to serve as the 'rose' with the cross at its center. Now I'm looking for glass. If I knew of a simple painting process, I'd try it. Please see what you can do for me."

What next, we asked ourselves! Local libraries yielded meager information on stained glass. A California student scoured libraries and interviewed art teachers and paint sellers. We trailed a woman who had written a book long out of print, and among us all we collected and sent some useful information on the making of simulated stained glass.

Not long ago Tissie told Rellis, their little four-year-old son, that he might expect a baby brother or sister for Christmas. Seeing that Grandmother sent out the makings for so many things, Rellis suggested his mother write without delay for the makings of the new baby. That one order really stumped this middleman office, and we had to admit it was out of our department.

By now you know that there is no dollars-and-cents profit in this business, but we do have fun. We enjoy that comfortable feeling of being needed, and we believe that our small contributions count in big ways toward somebody's happiness. We even welcome competitors. We'll show you how, for free. Anyone can set up shop with the required capital of loving and caring. You don't need a child of your own "out there." Adopt one. Just write, "Dear Ted" or "Dear Doris: Do let me know if there is any little thing I can do for you!" From the moment the postman delivers your first order, "Please send me. . ." I guarantee you'll have fun.

● You Don't Have to Look at TV

(Continued from page 12)

on our "free evenings. Every family will find its own pleasures once they have decided that they don't have to look at TV.

We anticipated more trouble with the children, but we were pleasantly surprised. At first there was a storm when TV was turned off, but now they easily find something more active to do. Our preschooler has two morning programs and then turns the set off. During supper preparations she brings the TV schedule to me to see if there is anything "for small children," as she puts it. If no program seems suitable, that ends it.

In breaking this devotion to television we found one very valuable trick. Pre-

viously, it had been a habit to wander over to the television, turn it on, and then pick up the week's schedule left conveniently near. Now we reverse it. We look at the schedule before turning the switch. It's surprising how few programs we decide to see.

It has been an interesting experiment, one that has brought a closer companionship in our family. We are glad that we have proved a point—we don't have to look at television. How about you?

● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

ing. Again this will allow time for becoming better acquainted.

II. Conducting the Meeting

Two suggestions are given for the conduct of the meeting, depending upon the size of the group, the time available, and where it is to be held. The first fits a larger group where arrangements of the room are flexible enough to allow for shifting of chairs from a large circle to smaller ones. It will probably bring the best results and should be tried if possible.

1. Divide the group into small units of four or five, depending on the size of the group. It would be well to separate husbands and wives, because they often think alike. Assign a discussion question to each small group. If you have more groups than questions, you may need to repeat the questions. Ask each group to talk about the question and come up with specific answers when called upon to make a report. Have the groups spend fifteen minutes talking about their question. Then call for each group to report. Have another person write the report briefly on a blackboard. Encourage people to ask questions of the group reporting. After all the groups have reported, questions and statements will be forthcoming. The leader's responsibility at the end will be to summarize some of the salient points.

2. Distribute the discussion questions to selected members of the group. This may be done ahead of time if desired. Call on these people for their answers to the questions; then allow others to add their thoughts and experiences. Summarize, if necessary, before the group is dismissed.

III. Discussion Questions

1. What are some of the questions children ask concerning God, Jesus, and life? What kind of answers do they get from their parents?
2. Make a list of some of the ways in which we teach religion in the home.
3. How can we make special days such as Easter, birthdays, Thanksgiving, and Christmas have a religious significance?
4. Work out a schedule of the average family's time for a week, covering the

168 hours. So many hours for school, church, sleeping, eating, chores, homework, other things. How much time is left over? How is this leftover time used?

5. Make a list of family activities in which all members may participate and enjoy.

6. Discuss and suggest ways we can use to teach our children to pray and participate in family devotions.

7. What do you think a child should believe about God at the age of 3? 7? 10? Set your findings up in columns and compare.

IV. Some Available Helps

How Christian Parents Face Family Problems, J. C. Wynn, Westminster Press.

Our Little Child Faces Life, Mary C. Odell, Abingdon-Cokesbury.

Our Family Grows Toward God, Mary C. Odell.

Prayer time, compiled by Edward D. Staples, The Upper Room.

Tell Me About Heaven (and other "Tell Me" books), Mary Alice Jones, Rand McNally.

The Marks of a Christian Home, Werner, The Upper Room.

Parents Do Teach Children, Staples, The Upper Room.

What the Christian Family Does, Jean Beaven Abernathy, Pilgrim Press.

The Family Adventures, Elizabeth C. Allstrom, Pilgrim Press.

We Worship, Janet Craw, Pilgrim Press.

The Family Worships Together, Pilgrim Press.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you, but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (Matthew 6, 14-15)

The Words

A River	M Overhaul
B Flies	N Virtue
D Flowers	O Poultry
C Detour	P Thieves
E Frosty	Q Forty
F Blight	R Fortune
G Fringe	S Moose
H Unfit	T Haunt
I Forge	U Opera
J Halfway	V Promise
K Ivory	W Hears
L Seeinge	X Oases
Y Sissy	



Family Counselor

I AM a minister's wife in a newly organized church where it is almost a necessity that I attend the services. We have a very active ten-and-one-half-month-old daughter (she will probably be a year old by the time I receive your reply, so please take this into consideration). She does not like (never has) to be held and rebels every Sunday even though I always take several toys for her to play with. I have tried taking her to church only but she is as restless during the service when I bring her fresh from home as she is after an hour in church school. I would be happy to put her on the floor in the back with a few toys but she wants to crawl all over the place and pull up on everyone. When I bring her back she is enraged.

She has always been very energetic and has never enjoyed playing in her crib, play pen, or any place where she was confined. She is content for me to hold her for a while if I am standing up. But she soon grows tired of this. I have tried taking her out into one of the classrooms and this works pretty well. However, how long must I do this? We hope to have a nursery soon but until then our problem is acute. What can I expect of my daughter? When should I begin to insist that she learn to be quiet in church?

CHILDREN differ in temperament and nervous energy—and in their ability to remain quiet for any length of time. Unfortunately, parents who have children who are easy to keep quiet in church tend to criticize parents whose children are not so easy to keep quiet. You probably will run across this in your own church. I am afraid, however, that with a daughter that has as much energy as your daughter has, there is no suggestion that will solve your problem, if by solving it you mean a method by which you can insure her quietness during the church service. You probably should keep her in the classroom—or at home, until you have a nursery. Surely your people will understand.

There is no reason, of course, why you should not experiment with any method that you feel may help your daughter remain quiet. If it were not that she objects to remaining in a crib, you might have the crib or a play pen in the back of the church so that

she would not be able to crawl around. But don't expect of her the impossible. She should not be expected to be quiet.

And remember that if all her experiences at church are unpleasant—because she is scolded or punished—she may develop such a dislike for the church that in later years she will have difficulty in getting satisfaction out of its services. If you sense the fact that such a dislike is developing, better go slow in taking her to church. Remember, too, that your daughter's present and future spiritual welfare are more important than the disapproval of those who may not understand children, or who assume that all children are alike.

Donald M. Maynard

WILBUR



"Dual controls—he's just learning."

The World on a Grocery Shelf

MOST of us today want our children to be world-minded. We need to be aware of other peoples and other cultures. Few of us, however, can travel to other lands.

Yet there is adventure and acquaintance a-plenty, right on the grocery shelves. The family can embark on a journey of discovery that becomes more enticing every week.

How? Quite simple and a lot of fun!

Time for going to the grocery. The list is made up. The trick is to see how many things you can find that are from out-of-state and out-of-country sources.

Sardines, for instance. One brand carries a delightful picture of a fisherman, and the name of the country which packs the fish. Or, if you're feeling luxurious, there's tinned ham from Denmark. Corned beef from Argentina is easily found.

You can buy dates from California, or Persia! A luscious pure-cane golden yummy syrup comes from England. Or how about jams from Canada, oranges from Florida, canned litchis (a kind of fruit) from China, and pineapples from Hawaii or the Philippines?

It will be more fun if a big world map can be bought or made on several big sheets of wrapping paper pasted together. Around the edge there should be space for a border in which the gay wrappers from the tins and packages can be pasted, overlapping each other to form a solid border. Each time the family uses one of the products from around the world, the name is written on the map and the label pasted in the border, or a copy of it is drawn by hand. If you're going in for out-of-state products, as well as world products, a big map of the United States would be handy.

Quite aside from fun, such a project will be worth while from several angles. Children tend to be picky in their eating. They need to be helped to develop a taste for "different" articles of diet. They need to learn to approach new foods with anticipation of delight, rather than with the idea that they are not going to like them. "It's different!" can be said enthusiastically. "I like the French roquefort cheese better than the American imitation." "Isn't Wisconsin sharp cheese wonderful?" "Have you ever tasted Tillamook cheese from Oregon?"

The adventure can go further. Basic foods, such as lentils, or as we call them, split peas, can be cooked in the style used in India. Chinese dishes can be prepared, as well as German, Norwegian, and many other European recipes.

An occasional meal at a good foreign restaurant helps to develop a taste and the desire to prepare such dishes at home. The search for the ingredients on the grocery shelf opens the way to a whole new acquaintance with the world's food.

The whole world is on the grocery shelf. Why not have fun putting it on your table?

He streaked off through the tall grass, past the shed, the barn, and into the yard. "Hig," he called. "Here, Hig." He could hardly get the words out for lack of breath. He tried to whistle, but his mouth was too dry! Finally, he managed a weak whistle. Higgledy came scratch-scratch-scratching around the corner. Joey was afraid to look. When he did look, and saw the big beautiful prize flower on the ground, its handsome golden petals dusty and torn, he dug his fingers into his eyes and walked with dragging feet to find his grandmother. He didn't need to tell Dad what had happened. Dad was right behind him.

Supper was a sad time. Grandmother looked at Joey with love and forgiveness in her eyes, when she saw he was having a hard time swallowing. "There, Joey. It's all over now. No use grieving." But Joey knew! He knew she was hiding a big disappointment . . . one that he had caused. The lump in his throat got bigger.

Dad looked cold and forbidding. "And he should," Joey thought. "He warned me . . . he gave me my chance to grow up. . . But I forgot. . . I acted just like a baby. What's more, I'll lose Higgledy."

"Excuse me, please," he whispered, and quietly left the table, without waiting for strawberries and cream with applesauce cake.

At bedtime he came into the living room in his red and white striped pajamas. He cleared his throat.

"Dad . . . Gramma . . . I'm sorry about Hig, and about the seeds and the cabbage plants . . . and the flower." His voice cracked, but he managed not to cry. "It was my fault, every bit of it, even if I have to let Hig go. But I think I understand now, about growing up."

Dad's black eyes crinkled at the corners, and he walked over to Joey. "Son, it takes a real man to admit he's wrong. Seems to me we saw a boy grow quite a bit right here in this room tonight. And I've a feeling you could be depended on to take care of things pretty well from now on. How about it?"

"Dad, I will . . . I promise. 'Specially Hig."

"All right, Joey. It's a bargain. Shall we shake on it?" They did. Man to man.

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BOOKS

for the Hearthside

For Adults

Everyone wants to know **What's Cooking?** (by Jane Kirk, Revell, N. J., 1954. 383 pages. \$3.95). Here is a very helpful and valuable book for those who do cooking in larger than family size quantities. Members of women's groups of all types of organizations will find this just what they need to bring a little variety into their big dinners. Each chapter deals with a different type of meal, such as, suppers, covered-dish affairs, luncheons, teas, snacks, desserts, outdoor cookery, foreign cookery, salad dressings, sauces, and gravies. Especially helpful are two appendices: Large-Quantity Buying Guides, and Table of Weights and Measures. To encourage those who attend innumerable church suppers, there are recipes for a large number of different meat loaves!

Here is a book by the President's preacher, Edward L. R. Elson, **America's Spiritual Recovery** (Revell, N. J., 1954. 189 pages. \$2.50). In spite of his drastic criticism of the spiritual status of our country, the author believes that we are in a period of spiritual recovery and awakening. He recognizes that this is not an automatic or inevitable renewal but one that will require effort and struggle to achieve.

The Book of Revelation Speaks to Us, by Herbert H. Wernecke (Westminster, Phila., 1954. 176 pages. \$3) will help open the door of understanding to a very misunderstood book of the Bible. It is written in commentary style, taking up the content of Revelation paragraph by paragraph. The use of this book in reading the Book of Revelation will clear up some of the confusion and misuse of the latter. Teachers especially will find this work of interest and value.

The author is Professor of Biblical Interpretation and Librarian at Eden Theological Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

Would you like to improve your vocabulary? **Vocabulary of Faith**, by Hampton Adams (Bethany Press, St. Louis, 1956. 124 pages. \$2.50), will not increase the number of words you use, necessarily, but it will improve your understanding of some of the great words of the Christian faith. Here are twelve chapters, simply but interestingly written, which will make that mysterious word "theology" a little less mysterious. Here are the major doctrines of the church, in a setting of illustration and presentation that will appeal to every reader.

The author is minister of Park Avenue Christian Church, New York City. He is widely known among the leaders of the churches of every denomination.

The sins of the children are being visited upon their parents rather severely these days. Those who seek something to build morale will find it in **How Christian Parents Face Family Problems**, by John Charles Wynn (Westminster Press, Phila., 1955. 144 pages. \$2.50). This book is not "escapist" literature for parents to hide their heads in. It does give a lively, intelligent, and helpful philosophy that will help them lift their heads up. It does not lessen the responsibilities of parents, but it does give encouragement and ideas for meeting them.

The first chapter takes right off in morale boosting with the assuring word "Perfect Parents Just Don't Exist." The next five chapters deal with some of the problems of family living, such as conflicts, discipline, finances, worship, patience, and energy.

The final four chapters cover some of the special concerns of parents in these topics: "Interpreting Sex to Our Children," "To the Parent Who Must Walk Alone," "If Young People Date Roman

Catholics," "Facing the World with a Handicapped Child."

The author is director of the Christian family life program of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. As a father of three children he writes out of some experience in this puzzling but rewarding job of parenthood. Here is good material for parent study groups in the churches.

Henry Drummond called love "The Greatest Thing in the World." A strong case can be established for the idea that it is also the strongest thing in the world, especially Christian love. Owen Hutchison's book, **Christian Love in Everyday Living** (Westminster Press, Phila., 1955. 94 pages. \$2), presents a part of that case. Based on Paul's great hymn of love in First Corinthians, it is more than a mere commentary on it. He shows by life experiences how love operates with Christian power to work out solutions to difficult problems.

The author was minister of Sylverlake Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles at the time of his death in January, 1955. He had served three years in the Pacific area as army chaplain before assuming the California post.

BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



The Bible book for the month of September is Hosea. The prophet Hosea followed Amos by a few years, and both spoke to the Northern kingdom of Israel. In reading this book concern yourself with three questions. 1. Who was Hosea? 2. What was his message? 3. How did it differ from that of Amos?

Over the back fence



● Problems— But They Can Be Solved!

School doors are opening again this month! They open up a whole Pandora's box of problems—not including the children themselves! Take a quick look at some of them.

A tremendous increase in school enrollment all the way up through college.

A shortage of teachers, adequately trained for a demanding task.

A lack of physical facilities—both buildings and equipment.

A continuing debate over the proper function of education.

How to teach religion, properly and constitutionally, in schools.

Shall the Federal government give direct financial aid to schools?

How to keep the athletic tail from wagging the educational dog.

How to get integration operating smoothly.

These are not all of the problems but they come close to being the most pressing ones. They will not be easily solved, but *they can be solved*. Hearthstone believes that its readers, both those who are parents and those who are not, are interested in understanding and in helping to work out the solutions to them.

Perhaps the most difficult one of those named is the last—the problem of integration. For many states it is no problem because it has long since been solved. The writer's education was secured in completely integrated schools. It not only can be done. It has been done.

There are some states where this

problem is taken by many to be incapable of solution. There are others in those same areas who do not think integration to be impossible. It will just take longer.

A brief illustration from St. Louis' experience may be encouraging to all of us.

A few years ago the Roman Catholic schools were integrated by the authority of the Archbishop. Several hundred parents protested, bitterly, loudly, almost violently. It was only under threat of excommunication from the church that they at last accepted the inevitable.

One year ago all St. Louis high schools were integrated. When put into effect, there was only one incident that assumed proportions big enough to get into print, involving a half-dozen adolescents. On the athletic field and in the classroom integration has been accomplished with a limited amount of friction.

Of course, there are still problems to be solved. There will perhaps still be occasions of conflict between groups. Undoubtedly conditions are not perfect.

The trend, however, is in the direction of ultimate success.

● Our Flying Saloons

Six major airlines serve hard liquor while in flight. Hearings are being conducted at this writing to see if this practice should be prohibited. Both the Air Line Pilots and Air Line Stewardesses Associations have opposed the serving of liquor as a hazard to safe flight.

Recently, a representative of the Civil Aeronautics Board refused to rule against the practice, saying that to do so would be an *unwarranted invasion of personal freedom*.

Hearthstone wonders about the other side of the matter. Is it not also an unwarranted invasion of the freedom and rights of passengers who do not appreciate having to travel by "Flying Saloons"?

On a train one does not have to go to the club car. He can keep his family free of an undesired atmosphere. On most planes he is compelled to sit and endure in silence.

HEARTHSTONE

Salutes

This Fine Movement

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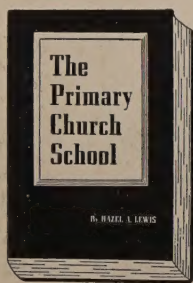
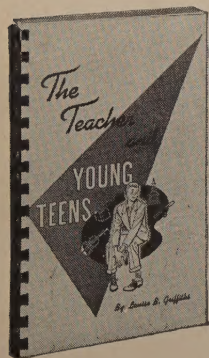
By Louise B. Griffiths. An authority in the junior-high field brings teachers better understanding of youth 12-14 and suggestions toward planning their religious education. The 10 hours of classwork cover: purposes; planning; methods; materials; equipment. -----Spiral bound \$1.75

Using Drama in the Church

By J. Edward Moseley. Here is invaluable reference material on religious drama. Why should drama be used in the church? How does one use drama? What are the functions of the director? What must be considered in selecting plays? These questions are answered. Suggested plays and anthologies are listed. Revised ----- 75¢

The Workers' Conference

By Verdia Burke. What is a Workers' Conference? Here is a comprehensive coverage from definition to planning of a church-wide workers' conference. Church leaders will find this specific information helpful toward successful planning. ----- 65¢



Building a Better Sunday School

By Verdia Burke. There is always room for improvement. This book offers suggestions on such important phases of church school work as organization, program planning, materials, enrollment, attendance, and cooperation of church school and home. ----- 65¢

You Can Teach

By James Percival Berkeley. This is one of four basic courses in the new American Baptist Training Series. Berkeley not only shows the reader how to learn to teach, he also shows how teachers can help pupils to learn. ----- 60¢

Planning Christian Education in the Local Church

Compiled by Richard Hoiland. Revised. One of four basic courses in the new American Baptist Training Series . . . a new plan in leadership education which seeks to enlist every worker in every church school in a definite training program. ----- 75¢

Our Church Plans for Children

By Lois Blankenship. This manual gives procedures for organizing and administering a Christian education program for children—trained and skilled teachers of the Sunday church school.

Our Church Plans for Youth

By Forrest B. Fordham. Here is information manual form to help and guide church board planning Christian education programs for young people twelve to twenty-four years of age.

Our Church Plans for Adult Education

By Idris W. Jones. Sound ideas, suggestions, procedures to guide the pastor, superintendent, Board of Christian Education, and the director of Christian education.

Our Children and Evangelism

By Phillips Henderson. The author shows evangelism as the church's task for and with children. He stresses the child's need for affection, understanding, Christian nurture.



The Primary Church School

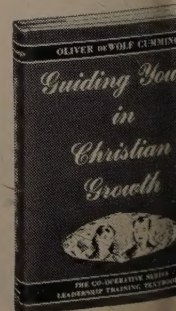
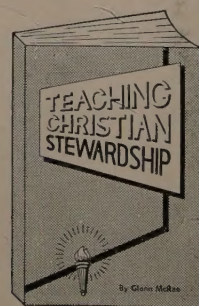
By Hazel A. Lewis. A discussion of the experiences and help the church can give primary children. Ways of establishing a closer home-church relationship are discussed. Suggestions are made regarding equipment, methods, planning, organization. ----- \$

Guiding Youth in Christian Growth

By Oliver deWolf Cummings. A book for teachers, leaders, counselors on classroom responsibility, administrative guidance of programs. It shows that the gospel's "revolutionary spirit of redemptive love" can be translated into dynamic action. ----- \$2

Teaching Christian Stewardship

By Glenn McRae. The first section is written use as a beginning course in the philosophy of stewardship. Stewardship education, motives of stewardship, working stewardship education in the regular church program in teaching children and adults is in the second section. ----- \$1



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